

THE
MISSISKOU STANDARD

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BY

J. D. GILMAN, Printer,

To whom all Communications must be addressed; and if by mail, post paid.

POETRY.

SONG.—Autumn.

Thou com'st, jolly Autumn,
A-crowning the year;
Thou sing'st with a glad voice,
Both mellow and clear;
The wheat sheaf and cluster
Of grapes gushing free,
And all things most precious
Are brought us by thee!

For school-boys thou'st play days,
And ripe tempting fruit;
For sick folks mild weather,
Comes always too late;
Thou hast grain for the farmer,
For reapers their fee;
But oh! merry Autumn,
What hast thou for me?

The spoilt child of Fancy,
The plaything of Fate,
The bard for a blessing
Comes always too late;
For while the sun shineth
And others make hay,
In idle vagaries
His time fleets away!

Within the lone forest
Beneath an old tree
His harmless companions
The bird and the bee,
He sits and he mingles
His wild notes with theirs,
And tastes of the banquet
Which Nature prepares.

Being nowise ambitious
Of wealth or of power,
In peaceful enjoyment
He spends the hour;
One boon, gracious Autumn,
He asks with a smile,
O spare the bronzed foliage
To shade him awhile.

WILLIAM CALDER.

THE WEDDING GARMENT

[The following is from the pen of Mr. Bulwer, or one of his school.]

Revenge, when opportunity permits the full indulgence of its energies, in man becomes ferocity, in woman, malignity. The former, courage may overcome, patience support, or submission subdue...but death only can relieve us from the violence of the latter. Believe us, did I say? No, the breath of that baneful passion settles like a black mist upon the grave of its victim, & blasts the few flowers that may attempt to flourish around it. That person is brave, who can conscientiously say, that he fears the resentment of no man...but he is a fool who dares that of a woman. I only know of three cases in which it may be any thing short of madness to tempt a lady's vengeance: when you find yourself in the last stage of consumption; after you have been condemned to death; or are about to be expatriated either at your own country's expense—and, that I am not over cautious, any who will take the trouble to read the following narrative will be ready to confess.

Beauty! thou art a dangerous, but a bright, mantle...there is fire too in thy brightness; for sometimes, like the shirt of Dejanira, thou art fatal to the wearer...sometimes, like a flower that is withered up by the sun, destructive to the gazer! Of this quality, so important for good or for evil, Ann Wilkins had almost more than a mortal's share. She was the daughter of low, almost vagabond parents: of her father, she knew a little—he disappeared when she had attained her tenth year, overwhelmed, no doubt, in some of those gullies of filth and wretchedness that perforate the heart of this metropolis—he was heard of no more. Her mother was a practical political economist; she, in the neighborhood of Paddington, verified one of its principal dogmas—the turning into the utmost profit the *residuum*, the *caput mortuum* of the raw material...she gained her livelihood by sifting cinders—a dirty, but certainly an honorable employ—and, thanks to the carelessness of our metropolitan menials, not altogether unprofitable—as many a silver spoon and fork rewarded Mrs. Wilkins's inquisitorial researches. Till Ann was fourteen, she shook her elbows on the dusty field, in unison with her mother, and, looking at them, I assure the reader, that she did it with infinitely more grace than ever was possessed by the Marquis of H., tho' the ivory fell from under his aristocratic manual vibrations, and ashes from hers. Yes, she was a beauty—tall, rounded, glowing with eyes that could madden, and lips that could smile away madness. At fourteen her companions began to treat her as a woman: she no longer sifted, shoeless and stocking-less—she gave herself airs, and begged people to behave genteely—

had a smart dress, clean white cotton stockings, & pretty sandaled shoes for Sundays—that was a foot...never mind—why should we speak of her foot, when so many, even then, were thinking of her hand?

There is a great affinity between strong contrasts. A young baker, not yet out of his time, not more than eighteen years of age, saw and loved. They both were powerful profusely—there was sympathy in that...the only difference was in the color. Owing to our excellent poor laws, and the excellent state of morals of our poor, the effect of those excellent poor laws, these two minors committed the great mistake—marriage—and Ann Wilkins as was, and Ann Rant as is—to use the Paddington *patois*, was, at little more than the age of fifteen, a mother. Start not! This is an unexaggerated fact. The beautiful Cinderella, ere she was out of her infancy, was fast sinking down into the sickly, and the dowdy, dirty mother of low life. Then came the parish medical attendance, and the begrudged parish relief, and the obtained gin when food itself was unattainable; the lowering look, the heavy curse, and the heavier blow of the debased boy-husband. His time was out, and his employment precarious. What God had intended Ann to be it would be impious to presume, but what she was...what man had made her—even the evil one himself must have felt pity to behold...This was the dark, the dangerous part of her life. She looked at her wailing infant, she saw it press the enfeebled, the flaccid, the milkless bosom, and she wished it dead. How she lived through these four years of rage and wretchedness she never could tell; she was not yet nineteen, when her misery seemed to have attained its horrible climax. Her husband lay ill in the last stage of a rapid decline. Whilst the man was dying, two parishes, each of which were disputing who should not be encumbered with his bones, refused relief. Things were in this state when Ann, taking her child in her hand, proceeded through the crowds of the well-fed and the gay to seek redress at the hands of the magistrate against the inhumanity of the overseer. The day was bright and sunny; she was thrust hither and thither by better-dressed people; she saw shops overloaded with delicate viands...her child cried for them...that cry irritated her; she was herself very, very hungry. Ye, who have never hungered, be merciful in your condemnation. On that day, at that moment her heart hardened; she who had, through all her misery, never yet been selfish, now entered into her own soul. She said to herself, 'Yes, he will die, and she was glad; and were I quit too of this whimpering brat, I am not yet twenty—my beauty may return—I can shift for myself, were I but quit of him! It was a diabolical thought. She was in a crowded thoroughfare...she did not attempt to lose him;—no, I will never believe it; I am myself a father;—but she was careless, abstracted, reckless. That night she was a widow and childless.

The people were kind to her. The overseers took blame to themselves...magnanimous souls! They had no idea that the case was one of extremity. However, they were pious folks; their pews at the parish church were decorated with crimsoned curtains moving upon bright brass rods, consequently they told the widow that 'God willed every thing for the best,' and bade her take comfort, but she could not;—her little Alfred!

Whether the parish authorities were very assiduous in their search after the lost little pauper, we know not—he was never found; but this we know, when Mr. Blotter, the overseer, met Mr. Scrimp, the vestry clerk and attorney, that evening, in the well-furnished apartments of the master of the workhouse, they congratulated each other and the parish, over an excellent bottle of port, at the expense of the said parish, at their good luck in getting rid, in one day, of two such encumbrances as the father and the son. God had, no doubt, taken them both—so they pronounced it a God send.

Let us pass rapidly over the next fifteen years of Ann's life. The housekeeper of Sir Peter Rankles, a middle-aged bachelor, had heard of her story, so she took Ann upon trial as housemaid. Her beauty returned, if possible, with an increased splendor. Sir Peter, after well satisfying himself with her looks, wished next to be satisfied with her story. He then gave her his countenance, because he liked her own so well; afterwards an education, as he said that he intended her to be his next housekeeper; he was his own steward. So she was taught music, dancing, French & Italian, in order the better to be able to check the bakers' and butchers' bills. The old housekeeper opened her eyes; she however shut them again in quiet satisfaction, upon being pensioned out of office in excellent style. People began to surmise; Sir Peter grew angry, and talked of his disinterestedness. Now it was well known, that every body who knew Sir Peter, and every body who knew Ann, did not want the baronet to marry the widow of the journeyman baker, so they went the very best way about effecting the match. They said, 'that it was improper and scandalous,' and they dared him to do it: he did it—only to prove that it was neither scandalous nor improper.

Sir Peter had his reward—she made him an excellent wife, and he made for her an excellent will.

At the age of thirty-five behold Lady Ann Rankles, just clear of her first year of widowhood, resplendent in beauty, stepping into her well-appointed carriage, in order to make one at a dinner-party in Brunswick Square. Her hostess was also a widow, the relict of a Colonel Canderson, of the Honorable East India Company's service, rich, avaricious, fond of play—past forty, and not very remarkable for personal charms. She was one of those of whose intimacy, it is the moral we wish to inculcate, that we should beware. 'I never forget my friends, and never forgive my enemies,' was continually in her mouth, and, at least the latter part, in her heart. For the first clause of her creed, I never knew that her friends were very grateful, how she acted upon the second will shortly be shown. To apply her aphorism to herself, I know no one of whose actions so much forgetfulness ought to have been wished, or whom, as Christians, we should have more to forgive.

Let us now suppose Mrs. Colonel Canderson two have filled her two drawing-rooms with her evening party, in addition to her dinner guests; that she has left the task of making them 'comfortable'—a word not yet exploded in Brunswick Square—to her toady, and has made herself so at her whist-table, for she has got a shrivelled, adult, roguish lawyer for her partner. Lady Rankles for an opponent. Mrs. Canderson is all smiles, but they are glittering and false as summer ice. The appearance, the all-beautiful appearance of Lady Rankles was, on that memorable night, not beyond all description, for I could describe it...but I will not. I hold the remembrance of her as a devoted lover does the miniature of his affianced in his bosom, not to be obliterated on the eye of the inquisitive, the cold, or the worldly. There is nothing like training, after all...for who could ever have imagined that those long, white, and delicate fingers, that so agitate the bosoms of the beholders, once agitated the cinder sieve? The expression of her countenance is that of a subdued joyousness. Once, or perhaps twice, in the course of the day, a little absence of manner, and a swimming of the eyes in tears that she could not repress, yet would not let fall, told, that even the summer of a loveliness sweet as hers was sometimes overcast with a passing cloud; yet it did not on that account, seem the less transcendent.

But she had some dreadful hours of solitude. Then there was the throbbing of the riven heart, the wild tossing of the arms, the agonized wringing of the hands—'My Alfred, my little angel!' And in the darkness of night, and in the world of dreams, sleeping or waking, the icy hand of retribution lay heavy on her heart, and then the childless mother felt the terror of living heightened by the dread of death. How often did she scan over every moment of that fatal morning, how fearfully exact was every face painted to her, that she had met in the walk; and how she strained every nerve that seemed to cut into her tightening heart, to find out some exculpation for what she wished, but could not call, her passive crime! The fact ever came painted to her in pictures of fire upon her brain, that when she missed the little, hungry sobber from her side, she did not look back until she hoped, until she knew, that looking back was fruitless. She would repeat to herself, until it was uttered in screams—'O! God, I did not walk faster—I did not walk faster.' 'The flattering unction' would not lie upon her soul...and the horrible word, *infanticide*, would quiver upon her lips. Then, when her compunction was of a more tender nature, how would she weep, weep, weep for uncounted hours, uttering only those words, 'My poor, poor hungry Alfred.' But these paroxysms were not of frequent occurrence, or she would have sunk under them. They were generally brought on by seeing children of about the age of the one she had lost, weep. Miserable as all this was, she had her consolation, and that was in repentance and prayer. It made her think of heaven oftener than otherwise she would have done, and, had it not been for this, earth would perhaps have held too much sovereignty over her.

This lovely being is now playing whist

against her hostess. The stakes are rather high, Mrs. Canderson is notoriously avarice. It is short whist, a terrible provocative of short tempers. She and her partner are really playing admirably—yet they recriminate. Mrs. G.'s money & good-humor are fast going...there...the latter is entirely gone...that last hand did the business.

'Mr. Obit,' says Mrs. Canderson, flinging down her loss with much asperity, 'I think if you cannot handle parchment better than you do pasteboard, you ought not, in conscience, to undertake any man's law business. You will pardon me, sir, but I never saw any one play worse.'

'Madame,' said the lawyer, bowing sarcastically, 'the blame of my loss, this evening, lies between three parties, myself, dame Fortune, and my partner. Of the three, I really can exonerate only myself.' Mrs. Canderson was going to reply, but seeing a fitter upon the countenances of the standers-by, she felt that to encounter the lawyer at polite vituperative tilting, would be only kicking against the pricks; so she, like all cowardly spirits, turned round with her phial of wrath brim full, to pour it on the head of the humble in mind, and the meek in carriage.

'Lady Rankles,' said the hostess, with a most ominous emphasis on the word lady. 'I have lost to you just fifty-three sovereigns this evening.'

'If it gives you pain, my dear Mrs. Canderson,' she replied, mildly, 'I am really very sorry for it.'

'Gives me pain indeed! I should not have thought of it...I believe, I have got just as much pain at losing this money as you have sorrow at winning it.'

'Never said a truer word, by Japies,' said a voice from the crowd that usually surrounded Lady Rankles whenever she went in public. This was wormwood and bitter aloes to Mrs. C.; she took, however, no notice of it, but continued, 'But perhaps her ladyship will have the goodness to give me my revenge at *carte*?'

Why, really, I had almost made a vow never again to play at that hateful game. You always beat me at it; and it is late; but as I see that you have set your mind upon it, we will have a game or two.'

'Then, I assure you, it must be for very high stakes, or I shall hold you craven; come, you have won between fifty & sixty pounds of me, and you limit the games to three; you must say twenty pounds a game.'

'Oh, no, no!'

'Ten?' and the hostess began to shuffle the cards with eagerness.

'No, indeed; it would go against my conscience.'

'Ah! conscience; well, some consciences that would walk through fire and water without a muscle quivering, are all over nerve when they come to a card-table. Do not think that I mean to be personal, Lady Rankles.'

'I fervently hope not. It really does go against my conscience, and I had already made up my mind to give the sum that I have won to-night to some charity. So you see, if you win this back of me, you are winning from the poor and the unfortunate; really, I am loathe to play.'

'Well, as you please, Lady Rankles,' said Mrs. Canderson, with a fiendish malignity; 'but, in return for your very pleasant and moral refusal to oblige me, permit me to give you a piece of excellent moral advice. Give the money to a charity, but take care that it be to the *Foundling Hospital*.'

Had sentence of death been suddenly passed upon Lady Rankles, she could not have been more horror struck. She knew that none possessed her fatal secret; but this dreadful allusion from this very dreadful woman's lips, accidental as it seemed to be, was like the blast of lightning. Yet, with a wonderful effort, she prevented herself from fainting; and, though deadly pale, she bowed her head as in submission to a chastisement from Heaven, and with scarcely a thought of her mortal tormentor, said with humility, 'Mrs. Canderson, I will play for whatever you please.'

(Conclusion next week.)

The Bride's Outfit.

A young girl of about twenty appeared last week upon the criminal bench of the Court of Assizes at Versailles. She was weeping bitterly, while those around her were endeavoring to console her. The following is the simple narrative of the poor girl's offence, as related by her advocate...

Marie Montel, a sempstress, inhabited the commune of Severs. She is the oldest of five sisters, and for eight years her industry has been the main support of her family. It may easily be supposed that her savings had not been considerable; nevertheless, she had won the heart of a young man of Paris, of the name of Marcel, and the 15th of May last was to have

been, as people are wont to say before marriage, the happiest day of their lives. The perfidious spirit of coquetry unfortunately took possession of the poor girl, and persuaded her that a muslin gown embroidered with pink flowers, a silk scarf edged with a little lace, and a smart cap with a wreath of *aines moi*, would harmonize admirably with the maiden garland that was growing for her in the parterre of St. Cloud. Her heart also told her that a muslin cravat, tied on the wedding day, by her own fair hands, would be for her dear Marcel a token of love and fidelity. To obtain all these braveries forty francs in ready money were wanted, and how were they to be raised? She had still fifteen working days before her, but her mother was to have one half of her earnings, and the other half would never amount to the required sum. Poor Marie thought when once she became Madame Marcel she would soon be able to save the forty francs out of her housekeeping, but she felt that it would be impossible for her to obtain credit for the longed for finery, and under these circumstances, after having for some time hesitated, she at length resolved upon the commission of a crime. She went to a mercer's shop in Boulogne, where she handed in a letter, purporting to be written by a Madame Langlois Nicolas, requesting that the articles therein specified might be entrusted to the bearer, her servant. The mercer himself was absent, but his wife would readily have delivered the goods, if the embarrassed manner of Marie had not awakened her suspicion, and she accordingly said that she would send the articles ordered by one of her own people. All the fond illusions of the poor bride were at once dissipated. Her arrest followed, & already, by an imprisonment of three months, while awaiting her trial, she had bitterly expiated her error. The advocate concluded by demanding an acquittal, on the ground that Marie Montel had already been sufficiently punished.

After an hour's deliberation the jury returned a verdict of guilty, by the simple majority of seven against five. The court inflicted the *minimum* of punishment...One year's imprisonment.

Every one was surprised at the apparent insensibility of the poor girl on hearing her sentence; but the fact was, that the technical jargon of the law had been unintelligible to her. When apprised of her fate by one of the gendarmes near her, she screamed and fainted in the arms of her afflicted mother. Her cries and sobs were heard for some time after she had been removed from the bench of the accused.

The late Murder of an Englishman at Rome.

The following account, says the Standard, of a recent transaction at Rome, we find in the Morning Chronicle, almost in juxtaposition with the argument that Romanism has nothing to do with the intelligence or condition of a people. The scene described in the following extract, it appears, occurred but one short month ago, in the very capital of Romanism. We ask the Morning Chronicle in what Protestant metropolis of Europe could such a scene have occurred?...

'On the 15th of August our poor brother George was walking alone on the Capitol, and descended from it to the Piazza Montanara, where children were amusing themselves with fireworks in honor of the *fête*. One of them followed our brother, and innocently addressed him. George stopped, spoke to the child, and caressed its cheek. Its mother and the neighbors remarked this act of a stranger, whose long beard rendered him somewhat suspected. They began to fling stones at him. He turned to know the cause, and they cried out that he wanted to poison the child. At the terrible word *avvelenatore*, the populace gathered in tumult. George saw his danger, and sought to fly. Protected by two gendarmes, who were passing at the moment, he was able to reach a house, but the fury of the populace augmented with their numbers...They broke open the door of the house: got possession of our brother; the gendarmes took to flight; the unfortunate George was flung down, stripped, dragged by the hair from the Piazza Montanara to the Hospital della Consolazione, near the descent of Monte Cassino, that is, for nearly six hundred paces. They never ceased stoning him, and gave him stabs with knives, torturing him till they thought him dead. The rage of these madmen was not even then satisfied. They proposed to quarter, to hang him, to throw him into the river. At last they decided on burning him. They gathered straw together, put him in it, and the horrible sacrifice would have been consummated, if the victim had not shown signs of life and tried to get up. He was immediately trodden down by the crowd. At this moment the gendarmes

arrived, and by force, by persuasion, and in the name of the Madonna, reached him. The students of the hospitals aided the gendarmes to take up the body, which was borne to the hospital, and the gates closed against the crowd. Here he was most anxious amidst his suffering, to prove his identity and previous life at Rome. The English Consul assisted at his last moments, and, as well as the entire city, evinced towards him the most lively interest. He expired after eight days of intolerable suffering. The Consul caused him to be buried in the English cemetery. It appears that George was not the first victim of this kind, but that there were four or five others. The Consul and Ambassador complain of the indolence and want of foresight of the Roman Government, in not taking, beforehand, the measures necessary by the actual state in which Rome then was.

‘ED. W. W. G. HOUSEAL,
‘Chef d’Institution, 30, Boulevard Mont
Parnasse.’

To the Editor of the Missiskoui Standard.

SIR:—In the Quebec Gazette I find the following letter:—

To the Editor of the Quebec Gazette.
THE EARL OF GOSFORD.

SIR—It is a most lamentable fact, that in these times, when the spirit of disobedience to the laws of our country, and of enmity to the noble Constitution of England, under which we have the happiness and privilege to live, is, unfortunately in this hitherto happy colony making such rapid strides; to see men of English birth instead of rallying round the representative of their Sovereign and supporting him in the execution of the Royal mandate, by setting an example to our fellow citizens of French descent, of obedience to the laws, and of honor and respect for him who bears his delegated power to govern them quietly and peaceably,—it is most cruel and unjust, and a mark of REAL IMBECILITY, to accuse and censure Lord Gosford for his administration of the Government, and to say that he is the cause of the present state of public affairs; and why? because he has, like an honest and good servant of his Royal Master, strictly followed the instructions placed in his hands on assuming the high but arduous duties of Governor of Canada. Those who thus abuse him most certainly know him not, and cannot have read the instructions with an impartial attention. His Lordship is condemned by some for the appointments he has made; those who thus find fault ought to remember that every officer, before confirmed in his situation, must be approved of by our Sovereign. I see with astonishment some persons, particularly one under the signature of “D.” in the *Morning Herald*, defending a speech said to have been delivered at a meeting of persons styling themselves a Rifle Corps, which speech arraigned and vilified Lord Gosford, because he refused to arm them; most of those who signed the requisition for that corps now regret it, for it was done without duly considering all that would have been consequent upon their demand, had the worthy Nobleman acceded to the prayer of their petition. Every man in this country, from the age of 16 to 60, is by law bound to enrol himself as a militiaman, and as all those who signed had from appearance attained the former age, they ought to have known that as militiamen, the Commander in chief of that force would have, and undoubtedly will call upon them, when the hour of need arrives.

Lord Gosford was directed on his assuming the reins of Government, once more to make known, by conciliatory measures, the friendly disposition of the British Government towards the people of this province, and to endeavour by mild means to redress and heal up the grievances so long complained of. And now let me ask, was he supported in putting these into effect? Nothing would please a certain party here but harsh terms at once, and because this good and worthy nobleman did not disobey the commands of his Royal Master, he has ever since, by those, I say, who ought to have been foremost in his support, been deserted.

In his private character he must ever, (as well as in his public,) by those who know him, stand high; he is to the poor a friend, and to the imnumerable calls on his charity ever ready, and to all he is kind and affable. Let us all then, at this crisis, shew that we are his friends, and with heart and hand join him in upholding our rights as Britons—for be assured he has the real interest of the country at heart.

F. P.

The initials are appropriate, for none but a Foolish Person would, at this period of ‘the Earl of Gosford’s’ administration, incur the odium of undertaking that nobleman’s defence. But, it is said, even Nero’s tomb was strewn with flowers.

The sanctimonious whine of the opening sentence forms a fit introduction to the soothing apologies and doleful complaints of the succeeding ones. I leave it to the Foolish Person to balance between the smiles bestowed on him as the apologist of the Governor in chief, whom with bitter sarcasm he calls a ‘good and worthy Nobleman,’ and the contempt of those whom he reviles as ‘men of English birth.’ The physical fact, that English loyalists do not rally round a man whose person is already surrounded by French traitors, does not

astonish those who know that two bodies cannot occupy the same space at the same time, and the moral fact, that Englishmen do by tongue and pen condemn ‘this good and worthy nobleman,’ is to be explained by a reference to the wretched policy of Lord Gosford, and the degrading insults which, through that policy, have been allowed to be reiterated against them and their country.

From the moment that ‘this good and worthy nobleman’ set his foot in Canada, his almost every act has been to outrage the feelings of Englishmen; and yet they are told to hold him in ‘honor and respect.’ Neither ‘honor’ nor ‘respect’ is due to him, who shews none for himself. On what grounds does the Foolish Person try to cheat us of our ‘honor and respect?’ Is it because Lord Gosford, the ‘good and worthy,’ refused the usual courtesies to Lord Aylmer on his departure, and all but insulted his Lady. ‘In his private character he must ever (as well as in his public,) by those who know him stand high.’ Be it so. The language is as ‘lamentable’ as the ‘fact’ that not an Englishman in the province seems to ‘know him,’ nor seems to desire to ‘know him.’ The Foolish Person learned pronounces his judgment that ‘it is most cruel and unjust and a mark of REAL IMBECILITY to accuse and censure Lord Gosford for his administration of the Government, and to say that he is the cause of the present state of public affairs.’ As one of those who have accused and censured Lord Gosford, I must say, that my accusations and censure have been founded entirely on his public acts, and directed against his ‘high’ public character. The principles of his administration, as laid down in his rigmorale ‘speech at the commencement,’ have coaxed the French population into rebellion, and driven the English loyalists to arms for their own protection.

When ‘the worthy nobleman’ arrived, the province was in profound peace, the Royal authority respected, and the course of law if slow was sure. Is it witchcraft, then, or is it the ‘nobleman’s’ principles and acts that have induced the French population to render the law a nothing! to despise the Royal name, and to rise in rebellion against the government? It is easy for a Foolish Prater under cover of the cannon of Cape Diamond, to write his silly nonsense about precise instructions, and the affability of the Governor in chief; but it is hard for him who has to watch all night with arms in his hands, or to sleep with loaded pistols under his pillow, to admire that administration of government which allows the loyalist to be ‘dragged from his home in the dead of night, and his property to be wantonly destroyed by bands of ruffians, whose names are known to every one, and which has permitted outrages upon females too brutal to be spoken of. Nor is this all.

Not only are the perpetrators of these abominable and disgusting outrages permitted to roam at large, but the accessories are actually elevated to the highest offices and entrusted with the most important duties. When the Executive Council is polluted by the presence of such a villain as Debartzch, a man who advised the people of the ‘five counties’ to murder every Englishman in the province, and to wade through seas of English blood rather than sacrifice their fancied nationality; when such non-entities as Caron, and such turncoats as DeBleury are rewarded for their treason with seats in the Legislative Council, it is enough to raise a blush in a Briton’s face that he can call Lord Gosford countryman. But I have done, I have already encroached on your limits. I shall only express my wish that you and others connected with the press would rouse the dormant energies of the loyal but confiding yeomanry of the Townships, and tell them, that their trust must no longer be on Lord Gosford for freedom or for safety, but in their own right arms and the favor of Almighty God.

I am, Sir,

Your obedient Servant,
A TOWNSHIP-ADMIRER.

To the Editor of the Missiskoui Standard.

SIR,—Is it not surprising that the Eastern Townships are not represented in the Executive Council of the Province? How can the omission be accounted for? Is it because persons residing in the Townships cannot be expected to attend duties at Quebec? If so, why not at least give them the benefit of some individual residing there? Undoubtedly there are some gentlemen in Quebec well qualified and well acquainted with them, and who have always taken much interest in their affairs. It is, doubtless, for the want of a proper representation in the Executive Council, that this important portion of the Province has so few members in the Legislative Council. For, generally speaking, they are miserably ignorant of

the Townships, at Quebec, of which they have had abundant proof whenever a commission of the Peace has been issued. Then the want of a person at Quebec, in the confidence of Government, and acquainted with the Townships, is deeply felt. Without a safeguard of this kind, in the Executive Council, the secret doings of evil men, to serve the interests of parties cannot be counteracted. Possibly, Lord Gosford is adopting the same line of policy towards them, collectively, as that which has marked his conduct towards persons of strong loyalty and uniform conduct, by excluding them to make room for another class who require to be bribed to keep up the semblance of loyalty, who, nevertheless, are & always will be Frenchmen in their hearts, and opposed to Englishmen and English institutions.

Can these Townships feel that they are appreciated when thus forgotten and neglected? In these times one would suppose that no better motive than policy would have dictated a wiser course. Can these Townships be expected to enter heartily into any proposal for the general defence, when such palpable neglect of them, remains at head quarters?

If you see fit to insert this, you will oblige, Sir,
Yours, &c.

Nov. 18.

To the Editor of the Missiskoui Standard.

SIR:—Being anxious to promote the dissemination of useful knowledge in this valuable colony, especially among that class speaking the English language, it has often occurred to me that you, in your useful and responsible capacity of Public Teacher, might with general benefit make extracts from the acts of the Provincial Parliament, in force, connected with rural affairs. I have seen instances when individuals have had to go a great distance to procure a sight of the Provincial Statutes for a very small but necessary piece of information. By your bestowing upon your readers weekly about half a column of such matter—without the head and tail pieces and the body condensed in an intelligible and laconic form—I am of opinion that your paper would, in a very short time, be a valuable item in a farmer’s house for the law information alone they would contain—not to speak of the soundness of your editorial yarns, which ere long I hope will make a rope tough enough to suspend the Clique and the feudal tenure to boot.

I am, Mr. Editor,
Your very obedient servant,
KELSO.

For the Missiskoui Standard.
THE FIRE SIDE—No. 49.

Every thing in its season, O how beautiful! Summer and winter...seed-time and harvest, are appointed by the author of our being to keep their places in regular rotation, as the plan which it pleased infinite wisdom to adopt for the government of the world. Those of my dear readers who were annoyed by the description given in my last of the gloomy month of November—who dreaded even the thought of plunging into the deep mud, whenever they ventured out of doors,—and likewise my dear friends, the neat-handed housekeepers, whose nerves undergo an unpleasant commotion at the entrance of careless persons, bringing in, and depositing on their painted, or well scoured floors, loads of mud, by the feet on which they move their bodies, now lift up your voices, and sing for joy. The gloom is fast retiring. The wholesome air of the north has cleared away the mud, and made the hard pavement of the softest clay which nothing can penetrate. The beautiful flakes of snow are beginning to fall in such profusion as to promise an early commencement of the merry-going bells of winter travelling.

But then, at our escape from the gloom and mud of November, let us not forget that this state of change is not meant for our long abode. We are mortal creatures. Death, like the sword of Damocles, is suspended, by a slender thread, over our heads.

I have just this evening returned from the funeral of a person...the head and father of a family. Every such occurrence is a solemn dispensation in the neighborhood where it happens, especially to the family of the deceased. The great concourse of the neighbors, that followed the remains of the deceased to the grave, was strongly calculated to produce serious thought. Here was one dead, insensible alike to all the turmoils and pleasures of life; and the time is not far distant, when all the individuals then present, shall, one by one, be in the same lowly state. I spoke to the audience of the shortness of human life...the certainty of death...the great importance of serving God, on the ground that there is but one ‘Laws-giver, who is able to save and destroy,’ from which it is easy to infer, that there is no safety but in his favor...that on his favor we have no claim unless we return to him through Jesus Christ, in the exercise of repentance, faith and prayer. The audience appeared to be engaged, solemn, and attentive to the whole service. When all was over in the House of Prayer, the procession moved slowly to the grave—the coffin was slowly dropped down into the bosom of our mother earth. ‘For dust thou art, and unto dust shalt thou return.’ This is the sentence that was pronounced on all the sons of men. Here, I saw it executed. I heard the clods of earth rolling down in quick succession, to hide the dead from the sight of the living. I said in my heart, this is the end of all human glory. ‘The small and the great are there.’

To preach to the same people I went many a day in years that are numbered with the past, and endeavored, I trust, to sow the seed in hope. Discouraging circumstances have since arisen, but, notwithstanding, I cling to the pleasing hope that the seed sown, both by me, and by my brethren who have followed, will yet spring up to life eternal...and that mutual joy, and mutual confidence, will, through the blessing of the God of peace and consolation, unite and draw together a flourishing congregation, who will strive together for an increase of faith, holiness, and every good

work. Let every one contribute his mite to the promoting of good, and the blessing of the God of peace and love will surely follow.

J. R.

MISSISKOU STANDARD.

FRELIGHTSBURG, NOV. 21, 1837.

We have heard that three rebels, among whom is a son of the Surveyor General, have been apprehended in Quebec, on a charge of high treason, and lodged in the citadel. This looks like a little beginning to wake up, and it is but little, when the prime movers of rebellion at all the revolutionary meetings...the breakers of fences, maimers of cattle, nocturnal invaders of peaceable families with bloody threats in their mouths, and arms in their hands, of the county of the Two Mountains—and all rebel dictators of the six counties, with the ruffian Dr. Cote figuring among them, are yet untouched by the insulted majesty of the Laws, except only a couple of fools, taken at St. Johns. The little that is done, however, we take as a presage of awakening energy.

A wholesome clearing has been made in the Commission of the Peace for the District of Montreal. On looking over the list, we see some proofs that the condition and circumstances of the Townships are not known in Quebec. For instance, the framers of the list thought that they had appointed three magistrates in the easterly part of St. Armand, but in reality only one, viz. Anson Kemp, Esq. Mr. John Baker is a resident in the city of Montreal, and Mr. Abbott, was buried last March.

We have heard that the Vindicator has presumed to insinuate that the most of the Townships were expected to join the six counties. The Townships to a man spurn the midnight dictators of that rebellious crew.

From every part of Upper Canada we receive the cheering news that, in case of need, an overwhelming force of the loyal and brave inhabitants of that Province will come to our assistance. Let the Government do its duty, and this country will yet rid itself of many worthless scamps, who will be glad to clear out.

Since his Excellency has reformed the magistracy, the very magistracy which he had himself appointed last spring, we think that he ought to go a little farther, and reform the executive council, recently of his own creating. It is impossible that a council containing such a man as Debartzch, can either give satisfaction or be tolerated by a loyal people.

Sometime ago it was reported that the notorious Roebuck, the rejected of Bath, and the ex-agent of our clique, had embarked for this province. It now turns out that instead of embarking for Canada, to figure among the revolutionists, he was locked up, no doubt by his confiding friends, in the Fleet Prison. Perhaps, the demagogues did not think, when they refused the Supply Bill, and to proceed with the business of the Province, how their refusal was to affect their dear, talented agent. It was too hard for the gentleman to lose his salary. A little more time & Papineau himself, if otherwise let alone, will, for want of his £1000, be also put in safe keeping, at the suit of his now confiding friends.

The constitutionalists must be energetic and united. Their safety consists in close union, for the double purpose of mutual protection of life and property, and for obtaining the recovery of the Government from the vicious councils of the enemies of the English name.

[COMMUNICATED.]

When the political squabbles commenced in the province, the question of nationality being carefully concealed by the French leaders, never entered into the minds of the English population. The party words were Reformer and Tory. At that time there were to be found in the ranks of the Reformers, so called, many men of American and of old country origin. Gradually, however, as demands for their reform increased, the cloven foot of the French party became exposed, and, in the 92 resolutions, the unhappy distinction between the population of French origin & that of ‘FOREIGN’ origin was formally acknowledged by the House of Assembly. From the date of those resolutions until the arrival of Lord Gosford, the Reform party, (save the mark!) suffered the loss of almost all of its English adherents. On the arrival of Lord Gosford the opposition of the English population was heightened by the insulting conduct of the Governor in chief towards themselves, and by his contempt for the plainest rules

of constitutional law. By fostering French traitors the ‘worthy nobleman’ alienated from him English and American loyalists; and by dopping those traitors, he at length found himself deserted also by them. While the revolutionary leaders imagined that they had discovered in Lord Gosford an easy prey and an anxious tool, they were willing to preserve the semblance of loyalty, while they sedulously advanced their system of intimidation, by threats of real revolution; but when the Instructions to the Royal Commissioners and the ‘trickery,’ as they called it, of his Excellency were fairly laid before them, the insincere alliance was broken up. It was now resolved on to carry out their plan by different means. Threats of dreadful outrages and the actual commission of minor ones were now to be used, and have been used for the last six months. Meetings of a seditious character have been openly advertised, and at them traitors have publicly vomited forth their treason.

Still we believed, and do yet believe, that the leaders had no intention to rebel. They have thrown themselves, however, into the predicament of the movers of the French revolution. The populace have gone beyond their leaders, and the country is in confusion.

In this state of affairs, every man must depend on himself for personal protection against the assaults of individuals, & in a good understanding with his neighbours, for the means of successfully repelling a mob. It is to be deplored that such steps are necessary, but since they are necessary regret is of no avail. The inhabitants of this county are in an especial manner called upon to form themselves into bodies for the purpose of preserving the public peace, and of jointly repelling, with arms in their hands, an injury offered to any individual inhabitant. It is the duty of people here to shew their contempt for the invitation thrown out by the rebels of the ‘six counties,’ and to prove to the loyal portions of the province, that their ‘ancient faith,’ yet burns strong, their pure loyalty yet untarnished, their hatred of outrage and rebellion unmitigated and their devotion to their sovereign and their country as firm as in 1812.

It is with the sincerest pleasure we learn that the Hon. Robert Jones has, with his usual activity and decision of character, sent circulars to the Captains of his battalion, to ascertain what number of men in their companies will associate for mutual defence. The call of colonel Jones has been most warmly seconded in this Eastern parish of St. Armand, and we make bold to say, that it has been as warmly seconded in every other section of the county. We have before us the returns for St. Armand East, and find that captain Peleg Thomas with sixty-four men, captain O. J. Kemp, with seventy-eight men, and captain Henry Baker with eighty-one men, have all cheerfully signed the following declaration.

‘At a time like the present when the French Canadian population throughout a large portion of this District, are excited to open rebellion, and the perpetration of acts of outrage upon the peaceable and well disposed inhabitants of the country, it devolves as a duty upon every true and faithful subject of Her Majesty to come forward and declare his loyalty, to express his determination to sustain the institutions of the country...and to maintain the connexion so happily subsisting between this country and the parent state...We, therefore, Her Majesty’s faithful subjects, militiamen, belonging to the company of Capt. Peleg Thomas, Esq. of the Battalion of the county of Missiskoui, hereby solemnly promise and agree to be in readiness with such weapons as we can provide ourselves to act at a moments warning upon any & every emergency when our services may be required to protect our fellow subjects from insult and outrage, to assert the laws and sustain the institutions of our country and to put down Rebellion.’

The meeting in this village on Saturday, shewed the stirring interest excited here by late events. Captain Thomas led his company in a body, from three miles distance through wretched roads, and was received with loud cheers by the company of captain Kemp. Many of the men were armed with muskets and pistols. Col. Jones arrived while the enrolling was going on, and addressed the meeting at some length on the disturbed state of the country. He expressed his gratification at seeing so many sound hearted loyalists around him, & the pleasure he felt at the alacrity with which they had answered the call of duty.

Three cheers were moved by captain Thomas for the Queen and constitution, three for Sir John Colborne, and three cheers for Col. Jones for manfully refusing to deliver his commission to a rable.

We know from the energetic character

of the captains, that the work of organization will be proceeded in forthwith.

Progress of the movement.—We learn from Brockville, that a letter of which the following is an extract, has been addressed to Sir John Colborne, by Colonel Hartwell, commanding the 6th Regiment of Leeds Militia:—

'The excited state of affairs in the sister Colony of Lower Canada, may possibly require the presence in that province of a loyal and determined body of the sound hearted Militia of Upper Canada. Should circumstances render such a step necessary, I beg to inform you, that I am quite satisfied, that at least 400 effective men would readily volunteer from the Regiment I have the honor to command, to serve against the revolutionists of Lower Canada, should their services be required.

'My Regiment is principally composed of Irish emigrants, who are to a man devotedly attached to the Queen, the Constitution and the integrity of the empire. I make this communication so that if their services should be required, you may know where to find a determined body who are ready and willing to do their duty, and I will venture to assure you, that other Regiments in this province will also accompany me to aid in putting down, at the point of the bayonet, a base set of Rebels.'

A similar letter, we learn, has also been addressed by Colonel Read, commanding the 3d Leeds Light Infantry, to the same distinguished person, of which the following is an extract:—

'Should you find it necessary to require the service of any body of the Militia of Upper Canada, your Excellency will most kindly command the service of the Regiments I have the honor to command. I do assure your Excellency, that if coolness, steadiness, and fidelity, are essential qualifications on so important an occasion, I am satisfied the 3d Leeds Light Infantry will prove themselves worthy of your confidence. In soliciting an indulgence of this kind, I am actuated by a strong desire to serve her Most Gracious Majesty, and my Father, Brother, and Uncles having fallen in the service of their country, is an additional inducement for me seeking and craving your Excellency's consideration.'

From the Montreal Herald.

The Government is at last exhibiting some signs of life. It has dismissed five magistrates resident in our city & it is currently reported to have arrested two or three ruffians in Quebec on a charge of high treason. The names of the ex-justices are Desrivieres, M'Gill Desrivieres, Donegan, Gagnon & Dufort. Most of those gentlemen have great and good reason to complain of his Excellency's ingratitude in dismissing them after their loyal and valourous conduct of Monday last in leading on the troops against 'Les Filles de la Liberté.' As they have indubitably given a more decided proof of conversion and contrition than ever Debarzich gave, they may well complain, that, while that unmitigated hater of the British name has met honours and rewards, they have been unceremoniously turned out of their beloved country's service. It must, however, be consolatory for the gentlemen to reflect, that for once in their lives they did their duty in aiding to suppress a riot and that for once in his life their noble patron has done his duty in superseding them by better men.

With regard to the rumours of actual arrests in Quebec or of intended arrests here, we trust, that his Excellency will not waste all his new vigour on such wretched tools as Chasseur or O'Callaghan. It is the hanging, drawing and quartering of a few leading ruffians, that the hearts of the loyal and the welfare of the whole country demand. Let six or eight meet the doom of traitors; and the rest, when called together 'for the despatch of business,' will be as pliant and as loyal and as submissive as possible.

We must once more warn the constitutionalists against attaching too much importance to these demonstrations of life on the part of the executive. However gratifying it might be to loyal volunteers to form a Cordon round the scaffold of a certain traitor, it is not for such unprofitable vengeance that they can be expected to sacrifice ease, comfort and perhaps life itself. All the military movements and all the public prosecutions in the world do not of themselves redress one grievance or remove one burden, unless the government be determined steadily to pursue an altogether different policy in the sanctioning of bills and the filling of 'public stations.' Why should 'the English inhabitants of this province' aid in putting down one set of agitators merely to make room for another? We must here put to Lord Gosford a very simple question.—Does your Lordship imagine, that there are twenty loyalists in the province so silly as to give the patron, dupe and victim of Debarzich credit for any inward and abiding change of sentiments?

To the loyalists we would say, that the banishment of the man from the castle and his expulsion from the executive council, should be a main object of their efforts. To gain that end, you have merely to satisfy His Excellency, that the jesuitical monster is not 'acceptable to the great body of the people.'—communicated.

His Excellency Sir John Colborne arrived in town on Thursday evening about seven o'clock. Yesterday morning the Royal Volunteer troop of Cavalry was despatched to St. Johns, under the command

of Captain Glasgow of the Royal Artillery, on a tour of observation for two days, and will return to day through the County of Acadie. Sir John has authorised the filling up of the Rifle Corps and the Cavalry, and an extensive recruiting was in progress yesterday. The Government will supply horses for the use of the Cavalry volunteers, or pay the livery of horses owned by any gentlemen who may join the corps.—Mont. Her., Nov. 13.

A desperate defence of the Assembly.—The *Canadien* has taken up our defiance to himself and Mr. Papineau, to cite any really useful bill sent up by the Assembly which did not pass the Legislative Council from 1828 to 1831, when the first attack on the constitution of the council was made by the House of Assembly, and from which attack, in fact, have resulted all the evils which have been inflicted on the country since. Here is the *Canadien's* list of bills rejected, it says by the Council. We shall content ourselves with translating it, into English with a word of remark in *Italics* on each:

In the Session of 1828-9.

BILLS REJECTED.

1. The Bill to vacate the seats of members, (passed by the council subsequently.)
2. The bill to allow counsel to persons accused of felony, (ditto...a bad law.)
3. The Judicature Bill, (frequently amended by the Council and rejected by the Assembly; no conference asked.)
4. Bill for the qualification of Justices of the Peace, (passed subsequently.)
5. Bill for relief of Religious Congregations, (do.)
6. Bill to incorporate the City of Montreal, (do.)
7. The Bill to disqualify the Judges from sitting in the Council. (The thing done without an Act.)
8. Bill to appoint an agent in England, (frequently amended by the Council and rejected by the Assembly; no conference asked.)

Session of 1830.
The Bill for the qualification and summoning of Jurors, (passed subsequently...a horribly bad law.)

The small debt bill, [passed subsequently.]

Also, Nos. 2 and 7 above, [do.]

BILLS MUTILATED.

The Agent Bill...[The Assembly refused to allow the nomination of an Agent by the council, and never asked a conference.]
Bill for the independence of the Judges, [passed subsequently by both houses and not sanctioned in England; passed again by the council, and rejected by the Assembly.]

Bill for the Election of a Medical Board, [passed by the three branches.]

Bill for Small Causes, [passed, but really mutilated by the Assembly.]
The census Bill, [passed by the three branches.]

Our remarks are from memory, but the truth of them will be seen by a reference to the Journals and the Statute Book.

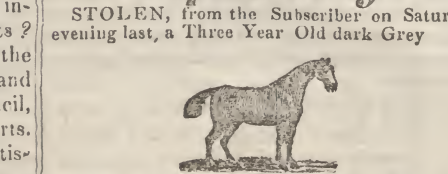
The *Canadien's* list is a fair specimen of trumpety complaints against the council, at the time that it was first proposed to get rid of it, so that every fancy of half a dozen members of the Assembly or the Law clerk, might become law. It also shows the way they have made up long lists of Bills rejected by the Council, at other periods, in order to deceive those who know no better. In truth the Legislative Council from 1828 till 1831, adhered more strictly to the Canada Report than the Assembly. Nor can it be accused of the loss of Bills sent up by the Assembly since, in a way that the Council could not pass them, and really, merely to get new pretexts to clamour against that branch of the Legislature and effect its destruction, on which Mr. Papineau was determined, ever since 1831.

When they talk of the loss of the School Bill, &c. they merely proclaim their own misdeeds....*Queb. Gaz.*

On Friday morning last, at St. Johns, Dr. Davignon and P. P. Demary, N. P. were arrested, and sent to Montreal under keepers, but were rescued near Longueuil by men who lay for them in ambush. It is said that several of the keepers were wounded. The prisoners passed through the Western parish of St. Armand on Saturday, and were seen in Highgate, Vt. on Sunday. The authorities should establish regulations on the Frontiers for the arresting of suspicious persons that they may not escape from justice.

Died,
At Stanbridge, on the 13th instant, Joel Rollins, about 37 years of age.
In Sheffield West, on the 10th instant, Edward Roberts, in the 75th year of his age.

Stop Thief!
STOLEN, from the Subscriber on Saturday evening last, a Three Year Old dark Grey



MARE,

with a Switch Tail and a small bunch on the right hind foot. The mare had on, when taken, an old Saddle, Bridle, and a rope Halter; who ever will return said mare shall be handsomely rewarded.
SAMUEL VANANTWERP.
Dunham, 29th Nov., 1837.

NEW GOODS.

In addition to his very general assortment, the subscriber has just received a well selected supply of

Dry Goods,

suitable for the Fall and Winter season: together with

Groceries, Hardware &



Crockery,

which he offers for sale low for Cash, or in exchange for produce, &c.

LIQUORS

by Wholesale and Retail of superior quality. Cash paid for

200 MINX SKINS Wanted.

All debts due the subscriber must be paid as soon as possible.

Nelsonville, Dunham, 3d Nov., 1837. 31—
N. B. No farther credit given. P. C.

Notice.

THE Subscriber begs leave to announce to the Public that he has received and is now offering for sale at his Store in Bedford, a full assortment of

Fall & Winter GOODS!

comprising a variety of

Broadcloths,

Ladies' Chinchella Capes, Fur Caps, &c. &c.

...ALSO...

Groceries,

consisting of a variety of

Teas,

Tobacco, Molasses, Raisins, Salaratus, Cassia & Spices,

of all kinds, of the best qualities, and on the most reasonable terms.

---AND---

Will pay CASH, and the highest price, for

Rye, Corn, Oats & Barley.

And, also, immediately after the 15th instant, is desirous of purchasing 100

STORE HOGS,

to be delivered at his Distillery in Bedford.

And is also under the necessity of calling on all those indebted to him, whose notes & accounts are now due, to make payment on or before the first day of January, next.

P. H. MOORE.
Bedford, November 1st, 1837. V3 30—6w

Wainwright's

PREMIUM

Cooking-Stoves

A General assortment of the above highly improved COOKING-STOVES, just received and for Sale on liberal terms, by

W. W. SMITH.
October 31st 1837.

Notice.

THE Sale of the Lease of the Farm and Tavern Stand, belonging to the Estate and succession of the late John Church, jr. and consort, situate at Churchville, in the Township of Dunham, stands adjourned until further notice.

J. CHAMBERLIN, Executors.
S. WOOD, & Tutors.
Churchville, 20th Oct., 1837.

N. B. WANTED, 2,000

GOOD Cedar Rails,

to be delivered the ensuing winter on the above premises.

V3—28tf J. C. S. W.

Wanted, HAY

A few Tons of
at this Office, immediately.

Notice.

To Whom it may Concern!

A Note given by me to JACOB COOK, Esq. of Brome, for Fifty Dollars, payable in Neat Cattle in this present month, has been paid in full; and, therefore, whoever buys said note buys an article of no value.

BENJAMIN REYNOLDS.
St. Armand, 21st October, 1837. V3—28tf

Land Agent and Accountant.

THE undersigned begs to intimate having also commenced the first of the above branches, and respectfully invites individuals having real estate to SELL or LET to place it in his hands.

Believing that satisfactory transfers of real estate can seldom be made without personal inspection, he proposes to act only as a medium, through whom the seller can advertise cheaply and efficiently, and the buyer be guided in his choice. In accordance with this view he has opened

BOOKS OF REGISTRY,

in which descriptions of property for SALE or to LET in town or throughout the country will be inserted. These will be open to the inspection of Emigrants and others (gratis,) every exertion being made to increase the publicity of the plan.

The Charge for registering for the first three months will be 10s. when not more than three distinct properties are included in one description; when over that D5: for succeeding quarters half these amounts. The same in every case payable in advance, and all communications to be post paid. When the parties are not known, satisfactory references as to the correctness of the descriptions will be required.

JAMES COURT.
Montreal 21st. August 1837. V2.—20 2m
St Joseph Street (near the wharf.)

TO PRINTERS.

WHITE & W. HAGAR, respectfully inform the printers of the United States, to whom they have been individually known as established Letter Founders that they have formed a copartnership in said business, and from their united skill and extensive experience, they hope to be able to give satisfaction to all who may favor them with their orders.

The introduction of machinery in the place of the tedious & unsteady process of casting type by hand a desideratum by the European foundries, was by American ingenuity, and a heavy expenditure of time and money on the part of our senior partner, first successfully accomplished. Extensive use of the machine cast letter has fully tested, and established its superiority in every particular over those cast by the old process.

The letter Foundry will hereafter be carried on by the parties before named under the firm of White, Hagar & Co. Their specimens exhibit a complete series, from Diamond to Sixty-four lines Pica. The book a new type being in the most modern light and style.

White, Hagar & Co., are agents for the sale of Smith and Rust Printing presses, which they can furnish their customers at manufacturer's prices. Chases, Cases, Composing Sticks, Ink and every article in the printing business, kept for sale and furnished on short notice. Old type taken in exchange for new at 9 cents per pound.

N. B. Newspaper proprietors, who will give the above three insertions, will be entitled to five dollars in such articles as they may select from our specimen.

E. WHITE & W. HAGAR.
New York, April 19, 1837.

PRIZE MEDALS.

THE NATURAL HISTORY SOCIETY of Montreal offers four PRIZE MEDALS for the four best ESSAYS that may be presented on any of the following subjects:—

- 1 On the subsidiary sources of historical knowledge.
- 2 On the connection between local circumstances and national character.
- 3 On the St. Francis or any other considerable river of the Eastern Townships, from source to mouth, its navigation, its water powers, its mythology, with the scenery, statistics, geology & mineralogy of banks.
- 4 On the mines of Canada, with a description of those now worked, and their relative productiveness.
- 5 On the ichthyology of the Canadas.
- 6 On the medical statistics of the city of Montreal.
- 7 On the species of the genus Pinus, indigenous to the Canadas, their habitats and habitudes, uses and mercantile value.
- 8 On the geology of any district of the Canadas, from original observation.

The conditions are:—

1st The Essays shall be presented on or before the 20th of February, 1838.

2d The Essay may be in French or English.

3 The names and residence of the Authors must be concealed; to ensure which, each Essay shall have a motto, and shall be accompanied by a sealed note superscribed with the same motto, and containing the name and residence of the author. This note shall only be opened in the case of the Essay being declared worthy of a Prize; otherwise it shall be destroyed.

4th The successful Essay shall remain the property of the Society.

5th The Society reserves to itself the right to withhold the Prize, should no one of the Essays on any particular subject appear deserving of it.

The Essays to be addressed to J. S. M'CORD, Esq. Corresponding Secretary of the Society.

The medals will be of Gold, Silver, or Bronze, according as the Committee who shall be appointed for the purpose, shall decide on the merits of the successful Essays.

A. HALL, M. D.
Recording Secretary.

June 15, 1837.

GRAIN, FLOUR, SALT,

IRON, HARDWARE,

Groceries

& Dry Goods!

THE Subscribers beg leave to inform their Friends and the Public generally, that they have on hand, and particularly at their

St. Joseph Street, opposite the Presbyterian Meeting House, a New and Complete Assortment of the above Articles, which they offer Wholesale and Retail, at the Montreal prices.

As they have lately entered into the Grain and Flour Business, they would particularly request Merchants and others to call, as they feel confident that their Stock, for variety and quality, is not surpassed by any in the Trade.

JOHN THOMSON & Co.
Laprairie, Aug. 21st, 1837.

N. B. Orders from the Country punctually attended to; and Goods for the Townships and vicinity, delivered at the Railroad Store free of charge.

Full Cloth

For Sale.

THE Subscriber would inform the public, that he has on hand at his Factory, a good assortment of

Full Cloths

Flannels,

of almost all colors, which he offers for sale very low for CASH, Wholesale or Retail. Those wishing to purchase a good article, will do well to call and examine both quality and prices before purchasing elsewhere.

OMIE LAGRANGE.
St. Armand, Oct. 16, 1837. V2—57tf

Book-Binding

& BLANK BOOK MANUFACTURING.

THE Subscribers respectfully offer their services to the public in the above business. Old books re-bound, pamphlets, periodicals, news papers, &c. &c. bound to order on short notice and on reasonable terms, in a manner not to be beat in this vicinity. Blank Books of every description ruled to pattern and bound to order.

All orders sent by mail or otherwise will meet with prompt attention.

HUNTINGTON & LYON.
College Street, Burlington, Vt.

Caution!

ALL persons are hereby cautioned against purchasing a certain Promissory Note in favor of

JAMES GILLIN,

and signed by the subscribers for the sum of about

\$73,60,

and dated at Brome, on or about the 16th June 1835, as no other consideration has been received of him by them than the surrender of the spurious Note, which the public had, by the undersigned Helen P. Jackson, been cautioned from purchasing, as the Nos. 1, 2 & 4 of the 2d Volume of this Journal show, and said spurious Note since it came into her possession, having been shown to Elijah Rice, to whom it purported to be payable, he hath upon oath, denied ever having received of the late Dr. GEORGE W. JACKSON, the apparent signer thereof.

HELEN P. JACKSON,
JOHN JACKSON.

Brome, 15th July, 1837.

Champlain and Saint Lawrence Railroad

NEW ARRANGEMENT.

On MONDAY next, the 11th instant, and until further notice.

From Montreal. From Laprairie.
Princess Victoria. Cars, by Locomotive.
9 o'clock, A. M. 10 o'clock, A. M.
12 1/2 ' P. M. 5 ' P. M.

From St. Johns. From Laprairie.
Cars, by Locomotive. Princess Victoria.
9 o'clock, A. M. 6 1/2 o'clock, A. M.
1 ' P. M. 10 1-2 ' A. M.
Quarter past 2, P. M.

ON SUNDAYS. From St. Johns.
Cars, by Locomotive.
10 o'clock, A. M. 8 o'clock, A. M.
4 ' P. M. 2 ' P. M.

First class Passengers through . . . 6s. 0d
Second do do do . . . 2s. 6d.
To and from St. Johns or Montreal same day . . . 7s. 6d.

Children half price.
Application for freight or passage from Montreal to be made on board the Princess Victoria.

The public will take notice, that in order to prevent those losses, mistakes and vexatious delays which must arise, unless due order and regularity be observed in the receiving and delivering of freight, the Company will strictly adhere to the following regulations:

1st.—All freight intended to cross the Railroad or Ferry must be delivered at either end of the Line, half an hour before the regular time of departure, in order that no delay may take place in starting at the periods advertised, and to allow time for the freight to be regularly Way-Billed.

2d.—No freight will be considered as delivered to the Company unless a Shipping List or Bill of Lading shall accompany the same, delivered to the Captain or Purser.

3d.—Freight from Montreal for Laprairie will be delivered on the Company's wharf, and must be removed with all despatch.

4th.—Freight from Montreal to St. Johns, and not intended for Lake Champlain, will be delivered at the Station House.

5th.—Freight from St. Johns for Laprairie will be delivered at the Station House.

6th.—Freight for Montreal will be considered as delivered on the wharf, due notice being given of its arrival to the owner or consignee.

Montreal, Sept. 5. V3 22—6w.

A Card.

MRS. BELLAMY, on retiring from the Commercial Hotel, begs to acknowledge her obligation to those who have so liberally patronized this Establishment, while under her charge, and trusts, that under the management of her successor, Mr. JOHN BAKER, it will continue to receive that share of public support which she feels confident his exertions will merit.

Montreal, May 13, 1837.

Commercial

HOTEL.

THE undersigned begs leave to inform his Friends and the public, that he has leased the above well known Establishment, to which many improvements have been added this Spring; and no exertion will be spared on his part to maintain the well known reputation of the House.

JOHN BAKER.
Montreal, May 13, 1837. V3 64

WHEREAS, my wife Nancy wheeler, has
left my Bed and Board, and that too
without any provocation, this is to forbid all per-
sons trusting her on my account, as I will pay
no debts of her contracting after this date.
EPHRAIM WHEELER, 2d.
Novan, Oct. 23, 1837. 29-2w.